

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'  
Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?  
D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?  
Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell  
You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down  
Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there  
Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about  
Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific  
It is kinda different but let's get specific  
Krs-one specialized in music  
I'll only use this type of style when I choose it  
Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks  
Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack  
So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge  
If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live  
Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing  
I am a teacher and others are kings  
If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but  
Without a crown, see, I still burn  
You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel  
Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder  
You want a fresh style let me show ya  
Now way back in the days when hip-hop began  
With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam  
Beat boys ran to the latest jam  
But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn  
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day  
Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"  
They tried again outside in cedar park  
Power from a street light made the place dark  
But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out  
I know a few understand what I'm talkin about  
Remember bronx river rollin thick  
With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix  
When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash  
Patterson and millbrook projects  
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it  
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys  
The real rock steady takin out these toys  
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed  
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens  
It was seventy-six, to 1980  
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy  
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop  
Because the pistols would go...

So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack  
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack  
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot  
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock  
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice  
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one  
The grand incredible dj scott la rock  
Boogie...down...productions  
Fresh for '86, suckers!  
(ha ha ha ha ha)